

Augusta, August 1, 1874.

TERMS OF THE MAIN FARMER.

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Any subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate the name of the office to which it has been previously sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices

Mr. J. P. Clark will call upon our subscribers in Penobscot county, during the summer.

Mr. A. GORDON of Solon, will visit subscribers in West Somerset County during the month of July.

Vacation Time.

We are now in the midst of the vacation season, when large numbers of those who are weary with the noise and bustle of city life, seek for recreation and rest in the rural retreats of the country. Whole families, tired of the worry of house-keeping, spend the heated time in boarders out, either in the country or some retired place on the sea coast, while counting-rooms, offices, sanctuaries and parsonages are for the time being vacated and the occupants have gone to seek recreation from the wearing routine and tedium-mill of existence. The practice of yearly having a brief relaxation from labor at this season of the year, or at least, of having a little variation from the ordinary routine of duty, is a necessity to dwellers in cities, and it would be vastly better if this could come more into the lives of the business men of our villages whose ordinary work is even harder than that of their city neighbors. As a rule, the average business man ought to do enough in ten months of the year to be content to rest during the hot season, and thereby add to his life and largely to his enjoyment of it.

Vacation time for the farmer comes in winter when the earth from which he gains his sustenance, rests beneath its deep covering of snow. At this season he should visit the city and extend his horizon beyond the mere outlines of his farm, and town, by making himself acquainted with the greater activities and busier scenes of life in the metropolis. This he cannot do in summer, when his farm requires his constant care and attention, nor would he, at such time, see the city under the most favorable circumstances for his own pleasure or profit.

In winter the drama, the concert and the lecture season are at their height, while public libraries and art galleries are open for inspection, all of which will minister to the wants of his intellectual appetite, which otherwise must go unsatisfied.

A human being, with mind or ambition above a beast, will not be content to go his unvarying round of duties, whatever they may be, year after year during his whole lifetime, without change.

A person who thus spends his days, is necessarily superstitious and bigoted and as unphilosophical and ignorant of human nature as the recluses or monk who spends his days in the cloister. There is nothing which so liberalizes our views and divests us of bigotry, as contact with the world and with humanity in its multifarious forms and phases.

In order to enjoy a vacation and extract the greatest amount of good from it, one must make it a season of taking life easily.

Business cares must be thrown off and the manner of spending the vacation should be such as will best accomplish that result. All are not constituted alike, and what is good to one may be poison to another. A certain college professor always instructed his students, in selecting their reading matter, to choose that which interested them most provided it was not immoral. This same rule will apply to vacation.

Every person should spend it in a way that is most agreeable, provided it is not immoral. Some will delight to view and study nature in the solitude of the country, while to others this would afford neither hilar nor stimulant.

In order to have a vacation profitable a person should have a reasonable notion of what it is and what it is for, and then do what will likely to afford the most gratification, but a gratification that will be pleasant in memory as well as an experience.

The eastern states that has obtained favor with many railroad and steamboat companies, of providing round trip excursion tickets, good for the season, affords excellent opportunities to those who have a liking for travel. The number and variety of tours that are presented for choice are almost bewildering. There are short tours and long tours, covering in their scheme most places worth seeing in this country, Canada and Europe. By taking advantage of these means, people of limited resources are able greatly to extend the range of their travel, and make the term of their vacation profitable to increase their fund of information.

To some it is possible to have a vacation, and a very pleasant one, without a journey, and where such is the case it may be preferable. The main thing is to lay aside business cares, and for the time being, to drop the burdens of business life and give the mind and body a chance to rest and recuperate. When this can be done just as well and remain at home it is doubtless better, but in a majority of cases, the surest way is to go off to new scenes so far beyond the reach of quick intelligence of business affairs left behind, that it will be impossible to have any participation in them. To the heart-broken man a vacation devoted to social amenities is of inestimable benefit, but the person who has become sickened with society and has made it a dissipation, better enjoys for a short time, the quiet of the country, and by country we do not necessarily mean the fashionable resorts around the mountains, but the more quiet seclusion of the woods.

The American people as a rule devote themselves exclusively to business and give too little relaxation to the mind. The consequence is that health frequently fails before the meridian of life is reached. This is especially true of the professional man and the merchant. The Christian at Work has the following good words upon this subject:

"We would not, if we could, do away with the annual vacation. But we would have interjected the shortest—indeed the very shortest we are able to make—into a season of recreation receding day. It is not much recreation the merchant gets from the evening paper, read even in an easy chair. It is not the right sort of recreation the literary man gets from the last novel. It is something entirely different that is required."

That most laborious scholar and prolific writer, the late Dian Alford, whose commentary on the New Testament is the result of eighteen years hard work, carried on his labors in a quiet corner of the world, where he has become worn out much sooner, we are inclined to believe, had it not been for the fact that every day saw him at his study table, saw him sick, and joiner's bench, or in his conservatory, or emulating the scholar.

This indicates what we mean by recreation. Each one to his own taste; but let some employment, as wide as possible apart from his regular work, occupy at least a small portion of his time, and the mind and body will be kept toned up to a far better key than is too often the case now."

The church near the old Washburn Homestead—The Norlands—In Livermore, which has been remodeled, beautified and very much improved, at large expense, was re-opened for public worship, and re-dedicated for Wednesdays, July 28th. The services were commenced at 2 o'clock, p.m., and the sermon was preached by Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., of New York.

The cards of two well-known schools at Farmington, are worthy attention. See another column.

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

CITY NEWS AND GOSPI. The Dog Star commenced his reign on Saturday last, and we have since had characteristic weather.—A hay crop has been gathered on the City Farm about equal to that of last year, but the quality is better.—Holmes & Shaw have dissolved, and the Augusta bakery will hereafter be managed by Mr. Eugene P. Shaw.—The City Marshal seized a quantity of liquors at Hopkin's saloon last week.—The funeral services of the late Col. Farwell were observed at his late residence on Friday evening. Rev. Mr. Enoch officiated.—Mrs. Caroline A. Soule of New York, delivered an able lecture on "The Higher Education of Women."—At the inspection of the Insane Hospital last week, there were four hundred patients in the institution, two hundred males and two hundred females. About forty harmless patients have been discharged under the act of last winter, but their places have already been filled. The chapel ward will be ready for occupancy in October, will accommodate about 30 persons.—A meeting of the City Council will be held this Thursday afternoon.—The workshop in the Kennebec jail will be ready for occupancy in a few days.—The County Commissioners have voted to defray half of the expense of placing a hydrant near the Court House.—Mr. Richardson of the Portland Advertiser, was in the city Saturday.—Prof. C. E. Hamlin of Cambridge visited his friends in Augusta last week.—Probate Court has been in session during the week, and a large amount of business was attended to.—The new clothing establishment at Stacyville has commenced operations.—The wife of Joseph Ruth committed suicide Saturday by taking laudanum. She was about fifty years of age.—Many of the citizens of Augusta are now absent on vacation.—The story of the escape of the tiger from his cage while Maguire's Circus was here, is a scandal.—A blacksmith was employed to repair the axle of the wagon containing the sea cow, and while the wheel was off, "says the driver," if you count the inhabitants of a small shanty—which he pointed out. There were certainly heads enough at the door and window to swell the census by more than half a score.

Perkins plantation which we next reach is more thickly settled than the former, and the farmers exhibit more enterprise and thrift. The road now levels a right and the we enter the pass between Bald Mountain and his fellow outposts the right. We have now reached the height of land and entered upon the water shed of Webb's Pond in Weld. From this point to the village the descent is quite abrupt and the journey is completed in about two hours and a half from Weldton depot. The road passes only through a corner of this town and then emerges into Washington plantation with its five settlers or six, a saw mill and several box factories, and a part of the power for running a large soap factory. This factory does a large business and gives employment to quite a number of men. Last winter the company purchased a thousand cords of white birch wood, this being the only wood used in the manufacture of soap. The soap used in the manufacture of salt boxes is mostly poplar. In the village are several stores, two churches and an excellent tavern kept by Nathaniel Dammer, Esq., a native of Hollisbowl, but who has been a resident of Weld for many years.

Weld is situated in a basin and is surrounded on all sides by high mountains. Mount Blue on the east being the most conspicuous. Webb's Pond, which is nine miles long, extends from the south into Carrington. The beautiful sheet of water is formed by the drainage of the surrounding mountains, and its numerous inlets abound in trout and afford rare sport for the fisherman. The pond itself formerly contained an abundance of fine trout, but the various pike which has since been introduced, has well nigh exterminated them.

On Friday morning Mr. Dunmar kindly took us around the head of the pond where we had an opportunity of seeing much of the town which was new to us. Two miles above the village is the cheese factory, which is now in successful operation. Four hundred pounds of excellent cheese are the daily products of this factory, and this fails to meet the wants of the farmers in this part of the town, and another is talked of, to be built near the village. We passed through a small town and the road was now up a steep hill. The road is very narrow and the driver was compelled to stop the team to let the horses pass. The teamster then proceeded across the road.

At dinner at the Castine House, which is the only hotel in the place (and duty compels us to advise excursionists who may visit here to bring their dinners with them), most of us visited the new Normal School buildings, and the ruins of Fort George, an immense earthwork which was thrown up for such purposes.

We then steamed across the bay and in about forty minutes were at the wharf in Castine, where we landed and remained nearly two hours. The steamer then proceeded across to Brooksville, which is the end of the route.

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A TRIP TO WELD. To dwellers in the Kennebec valley the most direct way to reach the romantic town of Weld, is by rail to Wilton, from which place there is a daily stage to Weld village. Of course a still more direct route is across the country by private conveyance, but the quality is better.—Holmes & Shaw have dissolved, and the Augusta bakery will hereafter be managed by Mr. Eugene P. Shaw.—The City Marshal seized a quantity of liquors at Hopkin's saloon last week.—The funeral services of the late Col. Farwell were observed at his late residence on Friday evening. Rev. Mr. Enoch officiated.—Mrs. Caroline A. Soule of New York, delivered an able lecture on "The Higher Education of Women."—At the inspection of the Insane Hospital last week, there were four hundred patients in the institution, two hundred males and two hundred females. About forty harmless patients have been discharged under the act of last winter, but their places have already been filled. The chapel ward will be ready for occupancy in October, will accommodate about 30 persons.—A meeting of the City Council will be held this Thursday afternoon.—The workshop in the Kennebec jail will be ready for occupancy in a few days.—The County Commissioners have voted to defray half of the expense of placing a hydrant near the Court House.—Mr. Richardson of the Portland Advertiser, was in the city Saturday.—Prof. C. E. Hamlin of Cambridge visited his friends in Augusta last week.—Probate Court has been in session during the week, and a large amount of business was attended to.—The new clothing establishment at Stacyville has commenced operations.—The wife of Joseph Ruth committed suicide Saturday by taking laudanum. She was about fifty years of age.—Many of the citizens of Augusta are now absent on vacation.—The story of the escape of the tiger from his cage while Maguire's Circus was here, is a scandal.—A blacksmith was employed to repair the axle of the wagon containing the sea cow, and while the wheel was off, "says the driver," if you count the inhabitants of a small shanty—which he pointed out. There were certainly heads enough at the door and window to swell the census by more than half a score.

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Leaving Scarsdale and Stockton and the conspicuous town of Bluehill on the left, we skirted along the easterly side of Ilesboro's lake, and we entered the municipality of Weld. At the 11th mile we crossed the bridge over the river which flows into Weld's Pond, and on one of its largest tributaries. The stream furnishes the power for a saw mill and several box factories, and a part of the power for running a large soap factory. This factory does a large business and gives employment to quite a number of men. Last winter the company purchased a thousand cords of white birch wood, this being the only wood used in the manufacture of soap. The soap used in the manufacture of salt boxes is mostly poplar. In the village are several stores, two churches and an excellent tavern kept by Nathaniel Dammer, Esq., a native of Hollisbowl, but who has been a resident of Weld for many years.

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Poetry.

HYMN OF THE ASCENSION.

Bright portals of the sky,
Embossed with sparkling stars,
Ends of a crystal.
Your stars rich upold,
Ope wide your leaves of gold
That in your robes may come the King of Kings.

Scattered in a rose cloud,
Straight doth the moon him shroud
The stars encircle his light;
The sun his beams;
Heaven's arc seems to bend
That rolled in glory heaven's King may ascend.

He towers on the golden bounds
He doth to sun begin;
What a noble robe he wears;
Are bound his feet bese;Heaven's arc seems to bend
That rolled in glory heaven's King may ascend.

Well-springing of this All,
The Father's image live,
What a noble robe he wears;The sun his beams;All True, All Good,
To This, to True, be verasity ever given!

Our Story Teller.

NOT LOST.

"Love is the netting of the soul."

It was late in the afternoon of a dull autumn day that a group of young people came slanting down the flight of stone steps leading from the door of the cathedral church, in an old Atlantic seaport town. There were members of the church, the attendants of the organ, and those who had evidently been there for the rehearsal. Within, the great building was back and lonely; save in the gallery, where, over the organ, a gas jet sprang rays of light in the gloom, and the faint, softly subdued voices broke in the stillness.

The visible occupants were two, with the cabalistic word, "lovers," gleaming, as did the mysterious hand writing of old on the wall, on their forehead. Robert Field the organist, was in his room, with his pipe organ, with music with an airless, white, by his side stood Hester Heatherleigh, her face full of anxious interest as she watched his movements. A little cloud of uneasiness wrinkled her forehead now and then as she saw the rent edges of the organ, and the organ pipe sift down to the east where the grey sea lay tossing stormily.

"Well, Robert!" she said at last, dropping her hand on his shoulder, "Well, Robert, what is it?"

The musician's dark, serious face lighted a moment, gloriously, as he turned and took the little ungloved hand in his.

"I asked you to stay, Hester, because I wished to play some music from my new piece. I shall submit it to the society at the Music Hall to-morrow evening, and I want your opinion in advance."

"My opinion! Why Robert, you know before hand what will be. It would be nothing but a form asking it."

Robert raised the little hand tenderly to his lips.

"I know that love makes gentle critics of us all," he said, wisely. "But now I want you to forget me, and to judge with me. Remember, too, that love is the theme; love which wisely, I suppose, holds all things unto the end." And then he turned to the organ.

He played slowly at first. It was a lonely organ, and the sound seemed to him, as if his soul was waining somewhere in shadow. Then as brightness entered, the theme asserted itself. The wonderful tones climbed higher and higher, expressive of great faith, of a fond, and the triumph, and deliverance. Joy.

He stopped, and with a sigh, a living chain of light ran around.

When he had finished there was a silence for a moment between the two. The lingering echoes rolled back and forth till one by one they, too, had faded away.

Then Hester stopped, and with a quiver of lips and ear-wet eyes, reverently kissed the bowed forehead of her lover.

"Oh, my darling!" she cried, "it is so beautiful! I am so happy! Who taught you to play like that?"

A proud and satisfied smile curved Robert Field's lips as he listened. "My love, for you, is so great, so all-absorbing, that my music seems to be but a poor expression of it."

The organist's dark, serious face lighted a moment, gloriously, as he turned and took the little ungloved hand in his.

"You think it is a triumph then, dear? Ah, Hester, are you sure you speak for the music itself, or only out of tender mercy born of your own heart?"

An indignant light brightened the pretty violet eyes out of the drowsy languor of youth's enchanting dreams.

"Tender mercy for me?" she repeated.

"He loves me, and the words Hester's he loves to make you write like that. Your future life shall be full of inspiration, for I shall love you more and more forever."

She wound her arm about his neck, and with tender, fond, and affectionate joy. "God may restore him to his lost mind," said Hester, and her pale hand which lay on the organ keys. And then a stillness crept about them, and stillness more fraught with eloquent joy than any measure of gold and speech could have been.

With a sudden burst of wind at the narrow window, it seemed to them of night and the morning stars.

"Oh, the rain!" cried Hester, with a pale face. "How thoughtless of us to stay, and you have so long, desolate walk over the cliffs in the dark."

"I am sorry," answered Robert. "There are such light and warmth within me that I shall not need a passing touch of wind and water. Shall you see to your door first, and then good night."

"I will," said Conrad, promising to come for me," he answered. "I wonder what he takes him."

"It is too bad for me to take all this long way out of your route."

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"I like it better, so," the young man said, gravely. "But Robert, be careful of the cliff—the path is so lonely and dangerous. I shall come early to rehearsal to-morrow for the sake of knowing him."

"Do?" he answered. "I shall bring you glad tidings. Success is too near for me to miss it now. Good night, good night my sweetheart!"

And so passed the evening, and the young man, with his eyes closed, slept soundly in his bed.

"I am sorry," cried Robert, buttoning his coat closer about him. "No harm must come to that. It represents fame and fortune and love, and honor, for them and me, my darling."

Hester clasped a small wet face to peer into the dark.

"What you could stay," she said. "All, oh, Robert, be careful of the cliff—the path is so lonely and dangerous. I shall come early to rehearsal to-morrow for the sake of knowing him."

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"Do?" he answered. "I shall bring you glad tidings. Success is too near for me to miss it now. Good night, good night my sweetheart!"

And so passed the evening, and the young man, with his eyes closed, slept soundly in his bed.

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